7

A TWELVE YEARS' RETROSPECT.

An Anniversary Sermon,

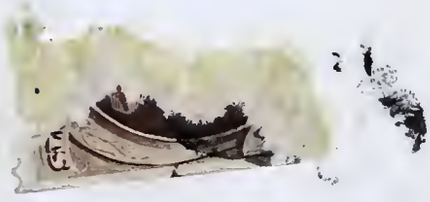
PREACHED IN

CHRIST CHURCH, CHICAGO,

Sunday Morning, March 10th, 1872,

By REV. CHARLES EDWARD CHENEY, D.D., Rector.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.



CHICAGO, March 13, 1872.

Rev. Chas. E. Cheney, D. D.,

DEAR SIR:

Having heard with much interest your sermon on Sunday morning last (March 10), we would respectfully ask for a copy for publication.

In the earnest hope that the present intimate and pleasant relations between Pastor and people, may long continue, and that you may be spared to preach many anniversary sermons in Christ Church, we are,

Very truly your Friends and Parishioners,

GEO. FIELD,
R. A. B. MILLS,
B. PHILPOT,
G. W. THOMPSON,
D. O. STRONG,
E. B. PHILLIPS,
ALBERT CRANE,
HENRY C. SMITH,
H. B. BRYANT,
W. E. WHEELER,
D. W. KEITH.

To Messrs. E. B. Phillips, Albert Crane, Geo. Field, R. A. B. Mills and others:

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

In response to your request for a copy of my sermon of the 10th inst., I can only say that though the discourse was prepared amidst the pressure of even more than ordinary parochial work, I shall be pleased to have its statistics put in a more permanent form than its utterance in the pulpit could give. How cordially I reciprocate the kind expressions of the close of your letter, I need hardly say. A Pastor whose people have sustained him amidst such trying circumstances as those which have fallen to our lot in the last three years, can ask for nothing better than to spend his life for such a flock.

Most affectionately your Friend and Pastor,

CHAS. EDWD. CHENEY.

CHRIST CHURCH RECTORY, 870 Michigan Ave.,
March 18th, 1872.

ANNIVERSARY SERMON.

"I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast showed unto thy servant, for with my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands."

—*Genesis xxxii.* 10.

An ivy, creeping with growth as sluggish as the journeying of the snail, so weak that it cannot uphold itself, clinging with a grasp like that of despair to the trunk of the oak, or the wall of some ancient church, would hardly be suggestive of anything like *power*. Yet, in those tough fibres lies a strength mightier than in the twisted sinews of a giant's arm. Five hundred years ago the foundations of Kenilworth castle were laid by the builders of feudal times. Each granite block was piled upon its fellow in that massive wall, so as to bid defiance alike to fire and foe. Its battlements have kept at bay the fiercest warriors that thundered at its gates. Through all the bloody struggles of turbulent barons and haughty kings, the vast walls of Kenilworth stood like a rock amidst the surges of a river. But travelers tell us how the great archway of its noble entrance fell at last an easy conquest to an unexpected foe. An ancient ivy thrust its arm into some crevice of the stone, and silently heaved the solid masonry from its olden place. It took years to do the work. But the ivy was a patient laborer. It could afford to wait. And from the hour that it found its way into the rift in the solid stone, it never relaxed its pressure till the mighty arch was lifted from its base. As it pushed its own way to victory, it became a type of a class in human society. Its success was but the representation of the final triumph over obstacles of men of patient energy. Such

are they who push their way to conquest. With them as with Napoleon, "*Impossible, is the adjective of fools.*" As you wander through a gallery of portraits, from whose walls look down the faces of many generations—did it ever occur to you how some of those pictures might have been painted—not as the representation of some actual *man*—but of some characteristic *quality* of the human mind or heart? How that countenance in every lineament is the expression of Decision! How yonder in those fiery eyes Passion glows like a smouldering furnace! How dove-like Meekness sits gently on that beaming face! So in the portrait gallery of the Bible. There are countenances there which well might serve as the types of great classes of mankind. Is not covetousness in every line of the face of Judas? Does not the very mention of the name of Demas suggest the thought of worldliness? Can you speak of St. Paul without the idea involuntarily arising of self-sacrificing devotion?

But when I turn to the Bible for the type of patient energy—the representative of the class of men who *push their way* to success—I know of none in whose life that characteristic so appears as in the history of Jacob. The strange story of his life is like that of the pioneers, who push out upon our western border, and lead the vanguard of civilization's march. The salient feature of his long career is a restless *energy* that keeps him ever on the move.

His *virtues* are the virtues of energy. With a hopefulness that nothing could dismay—a purpose that nothing could overcome, he turns his very misfortunes into blessings, and transforms the difficulties that oppose his progress into helps to aid him on the way.

Lord Macaulay tells us that in one of the English cathedrals is a window of painted glass which surpasses in splendor every other through which the sunlight streams upon the carven columns and fretted sculpture of that costly church. But an apprentice made it out of the bits of glass which his master had rejected. So did Jacob build his success. Deprived by nature of the birthright of his family—driven from home by the peril of his life—enslaved by the cunning treachery of Laban—rewarded for his work with the refuse of the flock—he nevertheless, out of such unkindly circumstances, formed a career—that like a window in the Bible history, is warm with the sunlight of forty centuries—and gorgeous with the coloring of Oriental hues. It is the man of energy, that alone could achieve such a marvelous record. Before him was a fixed purpose,

and from the accomplishment of that he never swerved. His aim made sure, no trembling uncertainty overtook his hand as he touched the trigger.

His very *love* is the love of a man of energy. Rachel is to be his. The prize may be far away. Laban may cheat him into a double number of years of servitude. But the result is sure to be attained. How patiently he labors on! "His purpose," as another has well said, "is like a river. Though in its course may be eddies, that seem as if they had changed their minds and were going back to the mountains—its mighty current flows yet changeless to the sea. Build a dam across it, and in a few hours it leaps over it with the voice of victory. If tides check it at its mouth—it is only that when they ebb, it can sweep on again to the ocean."

The very *sins* of Jacob are the sins of a man of energy. When on his way from his father's house he fled to a distant land to escape the wrathful Esau, God met him at Bethel in the vision of the ladder, up and down which angels went between earth and heaven. There he made a solemn vow recorded in the Bible. But not for thirty years did he fulfill it—nor then, until the Lord specially called him to the performance of his oath. Do you know why? Because like other men of energy, he was *too busy* for religion. So in the dark record of his treatment of his brother Esau. On the shore of the future he sees an object at which he aims. He crowds all canvas to attain it—though he run down Esau's bark as the swelling gale bears his own ship on. At the end of his road is the goal of his success. He takes the shortest cut, and if his brother is in his track—he must get out of it or be run over.

Brethren, is not such a life one which has strange likenesses in Chicago? Is not Jacob just the man, who would have built a mighty city from a wretched marsh, and when the flames in a single night had swept it all away, would have defied discouragement to prevent him from rebuilding?

I ask your attention this morning to an episode in this wonderful career. The energy of Jacob has been crowned with complete outward success. Within, too, God has changed his heart. He has found the God of Abraham and Isaac precious to his soul. Repenting of his sin, he is willing to make restitution to the injured Esau. But though God has forgiven him—the righteousness and justice of Jehovah visit him with temporal punishment. As he returns to his own

land from the far East, where he has grown rich in flocks and herds—he learns that Esau comes out to meet him at the fords of Jordan, and to take signal vengeance on the brother who had done him wrong. His energy of purpose does not desert him now. To save Rachel and her children, he divides his company into two separate bands, and places his loved ones in the rearmost of the two. And now, while waiting at the crossing of the Jordan, how naturally does his mind go back to the day when he fled from his father's house, and forded the Jordan on his way to the land of his distant exile! God's mercies come up to his mind—the undeserved blessings with which the intervening time between those two crossings of the river, had been filled. He prostrates himself in prayer. The thought of the text comes up to the surface of his mind, as its depths are stirred by recollection: "*I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast showed to thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands.*"

Beloved, we stand at the Jordan's fords, where we stood twelve years ago this day. To us, as to Jacob, how naturally arises the recollection of God's abounding mercy, and our own unworthiness and sin. On this ANNIVERSARY, when the little struggling Mission church of twelve years ago has become the parent of two Mission churches and three Mission Sunday-schools—thus being to-day literally "*two bands*"—ought we not to take up the confession of Jacob—and looking back upon these years of blessing and ingratitude—of mercy on God's part and failure on our own, to say from our inmost hearts—"*We are not worthy of the least of all the mercies and of all the truth, which thou hast showed us, for with our staff we crossed over this Jordan, and now we are become two bands.*"

For, dear friends, were we to speak of nothing else to-day, is not God's mercy toward us conspicuous in the mere fact of the continuance, through twelve years of this busy city life, of our relation as pastor and people.

I have climbed up the side of the Sierra, when, to make the steep ascent, demanded the concentration of every physical faculty. We were too busy, then, to turn and gaze back upon the path already traveled. Every step required the exercise of caution. And all along the roadway the verge of the precipice which yawned beneath

our feet was curtained with the thick fabric which the pine trees wove. We only knew that we were steadily ascending. To the trail which we had passed over, we hardly gave a thought. But now, our guide bids us halt. We stand upon a bare plateau of rock—so swept by mountain winds that even the mosses scarcely seem to find a foothold. Now turn and look back upon the way. You can see it from its beginning down by the river's banks, as it cuts its zig-zag shelf along the face of a gulf so deep that you shrink from gazing down. Ah! not till then did you realize what you had passed through. On such an elevation do we stand to-day, and look back upon the twelve years' journey that we have pursued together. Its every step is shining with heavenly mercy. For the tie that links together a Christian congregation, and the pastor who breaks to them the bread of life, is not a mighty cable whose iron links were forged amid the fires of stern compulsion, and riveted by the heavy blows of some external force. It is rather a silken thread spun from their mutual love. The least strain may part it, when that love grows cold. There is a sea plant that spreads its leaves and blossoms on the blue surface of the Western ocean, and floats secure amidst the wildest storms. The breakers that no masses of rock can long resist, may toss it to and fro, but their utmost power cannot break it from its anchorage two hundred feet below. But the cable which holds it to its moorings, is a tiny stem, as slender as the finger of a child. So slight, yet so strong to resist external pressure, is the tie which ought to bind together the hearts of a pastor and his flock. And when that tie remains through many years unbroken, I count it as showing that God's special mercy has been exerted to keep fresh and green the love on which its strength invariably depends. The state of our modern society is unfavorable to long pastorates. There was undoubtedly a time when a minister was planted in a parish to reach upward and to take root downward, and spread abroad the branches of his Gospel influence, till more than one generation should find shelter under his shadow.

But that day is past! The pastorates of which we sometimes read, that endure through half a century, are every year growing fewer. Already those who have thus been anchored in the affections of one people through such a lapse of years, are looked on as we look upon the survivors of the last war with England. One by one they are passing away. And the reason is obvious. A characteristic feature of our society is an intense love of frequent changes in all things. It

is that which betokens danger to all institutions. We see on these streets men who, a few years ago, built some structure to last for many years, tear it down and build it up again—not because its usefulness is gone, but simply because it is old-fashioned, and they want a change. But, be the cause what it may, the fact is undeniable that long pastorates are becoming exceedingly rare. It is a curious illustration of the fact that this anniversary suggests. Twelve years ago this day, I entered on my work as the Rector of this parish. Of all the Protestant churches in this city then in existence, I think, that, beside our own, only *four* retain the pastor to whose ministrations they listened on that Sunday. In many of these congregations there have been frequent changes. In one of them, no less than *seven* ministers have come and gone, since the day that I first began my work amongst you. At that time there were in the various divisions of the city, *eight* organized parishes of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Of these only *one* (beside our own) has the same Rector as in March, 1860. And if we extend our examination and comparison to the whole diocese of Illinois, the fact to which I am alluding becomes more plainly and even painfully apparent.

In the autumn of the year 1860, the Annual Diocesan Convention was held in the city of Quincy. In the journal of the Convention for that year, the whole number of clergy belonging to the diocese is given as *fifty-seven*. Out of all the names that appear upon that list, just *five* (including your own minister) are in the same parishes which they represented in that body.

Beloved, ought we not to regard it as a most signal mercy that we have been thus permitted to travel on together? For, if the affection that exists between the pastor and his flock is something which not only renders their mutual work more precious and delightful, but also directly prospers and advances the interests of the Master's kingdom, what can be more desirable than to have the roots of pastoral influence deepening their hold through a growth of many successive years? Already has it been my privilege to baptize the children of some who, when I came among you, were themselves children in the Sunday School. How tender become the relations thus perpetuated! The very heartstrings of the pastor and his people are intertwined. Every service—the baptismal consecration—the hallowed memorials of the Lord's Supper—the sad hour in which we laid some loved one down, "asleep in Jesus"—the wedding with its gladness, and the prayer at

the bedside of the sick—all these are but the slender threads which make up the bond that memory to-day recalls.

In our case this relation is peculiar. The history of this parish and my own ministry began almost together. With a very brief exception, this was my first parish. With an exception equally brief, I was your first Rector. United in our youth, we have *grown up together*. How merciful has God been to us in all this pathway which you and I have walked hand in hand. I remember to have seen years ago, two twin brothers who had lived to reach life's noonday, and yet had not been parted from each other. There was something full of beauty—something touchingly suggestive of divine mercy, in the thought that, born on the same day, they had lived side by side, walked life's pathway together, and even till the grey hairs began to speak of the years, had never been rudely separated by the ordinary accidents of Time. Oh! beloved, may not we see a like mercy extended to us, and ought we not to feel that we are not worthy of the *least* of all the mercies which our Heavenly Father has bestowed upon us?

But when Jacob came to the Jordan, he was not more impressed by God's *mercies*, than his *truth*. The God of his fathers had made him pledges that when given, were like a dream, to the wandering exile from his father's house. It seemed hardly possible that they could ever be realized. Yet now, as he stood once more upon the banks of Jordan, and looked back to the day when he crossed its stream before—he realized that every promise had been literally fulfilled. Almost two thousand years ago, a Roman explorer penetrated the heart of the continent of Africa, and crossed from sea to sea. The map which he drew of the mysterious regions that he visited, became the laughing stock of later geographers. They could not believe that his account was true. But when in our day, adventurous Europeans have pushed their way into the unknown centre of the great African wilderness, it has only been to find the promise of that old Roman map true to the very letter.

So had God mapped out to Jacob, as he slept at the foot of a ladder that reached the skies, his own future career. Strange was the picture that it drew of greatness, wealth, and power—to an exile fleeing for his life before the vengeance of an outraged brother! But as now over the interval of years, from his camp upon the Jordan's shore, Jacob looked back upon his history, he could not but acknowledge that every word of God's promise had come literally

true. With shame for his own doubting heart, he cried—"*I am not worthy of the least of all the* TRUTH *which thou hast showed unto thy servant.*"

So has God proved his fidelity to his promises in the history of this church. He never did promise us that we should be a *rich* church—an *aristocratic* church—a *fashionable* church. He never pledged his word that we should be a church that should meet with no opposition from the world; a church that should have no struggles with adverse circumstances; a church that in adhering to the simple truth should encounter no persecution. But he *did* promise us that in proportion to our fidelity to the Gospel, and our faith in him, should the Spirit of his grace rest upon our work. As his all-seeing eye beheld the ages, he saw this church, and comprehended it in the glorious pledge—"*Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.*" I know that ages have elapsed since this promise was uttered. But it is as fresh and rich to us as to the Apostles of the Lord. My friend who told me a year ago, "Draw upon me for all you need," to-day may find that hard times have diminished his ability. But God's word is sure. No demands of ours can drain the divine resources. He gives his word for "yesterday, to-day, and forever." How true he has been to us! No great revival has shaken the pillars of this community through the Gospel here proclaimed. But every year *our seed time and harvest have not failed.* With each returning season some souls have been led to taste the love of the Redeemer. Yea, more than all that. Gardeners tell us that the evergreens which thrive the best when transplanted, are those that taken from the forest in their youth, grow up for a season in the soil of a nursery. Do we mourn as we recall to-day sweet Christian women—and earnest Christian men that have gone before us to the Paradise of God? Rather let us rejoice, that to prepare them for that Eden from which they shall be removed no more forever, He suffered them to grow awhile in the nursery of this church. The fragrance of their example is with us yet; and God fulfills his promise in making heaven richer than if this church had never been.

But to the mind of Jacob, the deepest sense of his own unworthiness was wrought by the *contrast* of the present with the past. He stood at the fords of the Jordan, and remembered that more than twenty years before, he had crossed the river a penniless exile. The "*staff*," on which he had leaned, was all that he possessed. *Now*,

with his household and servants, with his "two bands" of retainers guarding his vast wealth of cattle, he had come back to Jordan, surrounded by abundance! "*With my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands.*"

Does no such contrast rise up before us to-day? It was only yesterday that among some old papers, I found the skeleton of a sermon preached eleven years ago this day. It was my first anniversary address. It contained a brief review of our first year's work together. It may not be without a lesson of comfort and instruction, to put that review side by side with some few items of our past year's labor and advance. On the 10th of March, 1861, looking back over the year that had then elapsed since I became your minister, I recorded that in addition to the Sunday services, we had held several "*Cottage Lectures*" in private houses—there being no means to light the church at night—and even had this difficulty been overcome, the few who attended a week-day service would have seemed fewer yet, if scattered through the church.

To turn to the year now ended, our week-day services have been the life of the church. During the greater portion of twelve months past, our Wednesday evening lecture has been maintained, with an average congregation larger than those which in 1860 and 1861 attended our Sunday services. Through the zealous co-operation of a few faithful laymen, more than a hundred "cottage prayer meetings," have all through the year kept up the sacred flame of supplication.

Twelve years ago, including the rector's Bible class, we numbered ninety-five, teachers and pupils, in the Sunday-school. In striking contrast with that early attempt to lead the children to the Saviour, is our present record. In the Home Sunday-school, St. George's Chapel, the Tyng Mission, and the Chapel of the Good Shepherd, we have an aggregate of teachers and pupils of about *thirteen hundred.*

During that first year of my rectorship, I had baptised one adult and twelve infants. Our parish register for the year that ends to-day, records the baptism of *eight* adults and *thirty-three* children. Six funerals and two marriages were all at which I was called on to officiate between March 1860 and March 1861. In the corresponding period of twelve months past, I have officiated at *forty* funerals, and performed the marriage ceremony *twenty-one* times. My sermon in 1861, mentions that in the year I had made one hundred and nine pastoral visits. In this my twelfth year of labor in this parish the number

exceeds *five hundred.* In 1860, I reported the number of families connected with the church more or less directly at *thirty*, and estimated the individuals who made up these households, at about one hundred and fifty. If to-day, we count the whole number of families who look to this church or its chapels as spiritual homes—they aggregate five hundred households—and the total number of individuals will exceed *two thousand.*

In 1860, a visitation of the bishop secured the addition to the church, of three persons who professed their faith in confirmation.

No confirmation has been held in the parish during the last twelve months. The fault lies not with the parish or its rector. But the loss has not been severely felt. *Our* church has nowhere elevated confirmation to the rank of the baptism, and the Supper of the Lord. Episcopal churches existed and grew in these American colonies for almost a century before they had a bishop. Their members lived and died in the Anglican communion without the rite of confirmation. Recognizing the fact, that the Prayer book has distinctly provided a method, to meet such an emergency as that in which we were placed—from time to time such as were "ready and desirous to be confirmed," have been formally admitted to the communion and membership of the church. In contrast with the *three*, who in the first year of our parish life were admitted to the church, *thirty-one* have professed the Saviour's name during the twelfth year of my ministry among you.

Dear friends, to look back to that time when like Jacob we went forth, trusting our Heavenly Guide, and then to look upon what he has graciously wrought to-day—does it not lead us to the patriarch's exclamation—"*With my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands.*"

Oh! may these mercies only reveal to us our own utter unworthiness of them. May they lead us to walk for the future more humbly and more closely in the blood-marked footprints of Jesus. And when by and by we stand upon Jordan's brink—may it not be OUR staff on which we then shall lean.

In that hour, may each one of us be enabled to say, "*Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me:* THY *rod and* THY *staff comfort me.*"

APPENDIX.

I.

THE LADIES' SEWING SOCIETY.

"Help those women which labored with me in the Gospel."—*Phil. iv.* 4.

THE Ladies' Sewing Society was organized October 9, 1860. No good work in which the church has engaged but has felt the helping hand of this organization. Its aggregate earnings for the past twelve years amount to about *nine thousand dollars*, a great part of which has been from proceeds of the sale of needle work.

II.

THE YOUNG LADIES' MISSIONARY AND RELIEF SOCIETY.

"Shewing the coats and garments which Dorcas made."—*Acts ix.* 39.

This is comparatively a new organization. Its first meeting was held January 19, 1869. Through its system of visitation a large number of families have been relieved with supplies of both food and clothing.

After the great fire of October 8th and 9th, 1871, its work was of the most important and laborious character in securing a judicious distribution of the supplies of clothing sent to the care of the Rector from Christian friends in various parts of the country. Its faithful work in this respect is worthy of all praise.

The total number of garments thus given out by its agency, is in the neighborhood of *twenty-five hundred.*

III.

MISSION WORK.

"The poor have the Gospel preached to them."—*Matt. xi.* 5.

The Mission work is rather that of members of this church, than of the church itself in its organic capacity. The Vestry sustains no

official relations to the three Missions; and they are supported by the voluntary contributions of individuals both within and without this parish. The present pastor is the Rev. Charles H. Tucker, whose work begun December 1, 1871, has already been greatly blessed. The Missions are as follows:

1. *St. George's Chapel.*—This place of worship, built by individual subscriptions from persons in the southern part of the city, both among the members of Christ church and those of other denominations, was first occupied in January, 1869. To the activity and zeal of Mr. John A. Smale is largely owing its early success. It has now an excellent congregation, with about thirty communicants, and a vigorous Sunday-school numbering over three hundred teachers and pupils. The Superintendent is Mr. Julius Wooster.

2. *The Chapel of the Good Shepherd.*—Organized as a Mission Sunday-school in 1869, on the corner of Butterfield and Thirty-second streets.

In the summer of 1871, the old edifice of Christ church was purchased by subscription, and presented to Mr. Cheney, to whom it now belongs. The lease of the lots on Shurtleff avenue, near Thirty-fifth street, for the period of ten years, was given free of rent by Albert Crane, Esq.

A rapidly growing congregation, and a most interesting Sunday-school, now occupy the building so hallowed by precious associations to the older members of Christ church. Mr. Henry F. Frink is the Superintendent of the Sunday-school.

3. *The Tyng Mission.*—Organized in 1869, on the corner of Archer and Wentworth avenues. Its present Superintendent is Mr. C. S. Hutchins. Teachers and scholars number about three hundred. Its work was never more successful than at present.

IV.

THE CHRIST CHURCH SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

"Feed my lambs."—*John xxi.* 15.

Organized in 1859. Its first Superintendent was A. C. Calkins, Esq. The present Superintendent is the rector *ex-officio*. He has,

however, for many years been relieved of the burden of the actual supervision through the fidelity and devotion to his work of the Assistant Superintendent, Mr. Lewis P. Morehouse, whose invaluable diligence and executive ability have largely contributed to make the school what it is. The roll numbers a little over five hundred, teachers and pupils.

V.

RELIEF WORK.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."—*Matt. xxv.* 40.

Beside the noble public contributions which the great fire of last October called forth, private individuals have also been made the almoners of considerable sums.

To the rector of this parish over two thousand five hundred dollars were sent by various individuals, Sunday-schools, and churches. This sum, together with fifty-three cases of clothing, has been distributed for the most part through the agency of the Young Ladies' Mission and Relief Society.

VI.

CHRIST CHURCH FREE DISPENSARY.

"I was sick, and ye visited me."—*Matt. xxv.* 36.

This Relief Agency was organized soon after the great fire, during the month of November, 1871, by several ladies and physicians belonging to the parish of Christ church. It was opened to patients November 22, 1871.

Dispensary opened to date—days (1 to 2 hours per diem)	101
Patients and prescriptions	343
Visits to destitute sick	224
Vaccinations	49

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of most valuable donations of medicines from the following sources:

Bureau Medicine and Surgery of the Navy Department (by order of the Hon. Secretary of the Navy).

Messrs. Bullock & Crenshaw, Messrs. John Wyeth & Bro., Philadelphia.

Messrs. E. Fougera & Co., of New York.

Messrs. Lilly & Phelan, of Evansville, Indiana.

The Rector desires to acknowledge the assiduity of the physicians, who without reward, other than the consciousness of doing good, have so nobly sustained this excellent charity.

VII.

LAY READER.

"True yoke-fellow."—*Phil. iv.* 3.

The rector cannot close the brief record of this appendix, without expressing his deep gratitude to Mr. George W. Thompson, one of our Vestry, who, for seven years, has been his Lay Assistant in the reading of the service. He feels that it is no exaggeration to say that but for the work so freely, acceptably, and excellently performed, either an assistant minister would have had to be provided, or the rector would have been compelled to resign the parish.